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THE LUCKY HORSESHOE. BY JAMES T. PIELDS.

A farmer traveling with his load Picked up a horseshoe in the road, And nailed it fast to his barn door, And naised it has to me out door, That luck might down upon him pour; That every blessing known in life Might crown his homestead and his wife,

And never any kind of barm Descend upon his growing farm. But dire ill-fortune soon began
To visit the astounded man.
His bees declined to lay their eggs;
His becon tumbed from the pegs,
And rats devoured the fallen legs;
His corn, that never falled before,
Mildewed and rotted on the floor;
His grass refused to end in hay;
His cattle died, or went astray;
In shart, all moved the crooked way.

Next spring a great drought baked the sod,
And roosted every pea in pod;
The beans declared they could not grow
So long as astere acted so;
Redundant insects reared their heads
To starre for lack of julcy food;
The saves from barrel sides went off
As if they had the hooping-cough,
And nothing of the useful kird
To hold together felt inclined:
In short, it was no use to try
While all the land was in a fry.

One morn, demoralized with grief.
The farmer clamored for relief;
And prayed right hard to understand
What withcraft now possessed his land;
Why boure and farm in misery grew
Since he nailed up that "locky" shoe.

While thus dismayed o'er matters wrong An old man chanced to trudge along. To whom he told, with wermwood tears, How his affilrs were in arrears. And what a desporate state of things A picked-up horseshoe sametimes brings.

The stranger asked to see the shoe, The firmer brought it into view;

But when the old man raised his head,
He knowed outright, and quickly said—

No wonder skies upon you frown—
You've railed the horseshee upside down!
Jus. turn it round, and soon you'll see
How you and Fortune will agree."

The farmer turned the horseshoe round, The farmer turned the horseshoe round, And abowers began to swell the ground; The saushine laughed among his grain, And heaps on heaps piled up the wain; The loft his hay could barely hold, His cattle did as they were told; His fruit trees needed sturdy props. To hold the gathering apple crops; His turnip and potato fields. Astentshed all men by their yields; Folks never saw such ears of corn. As is his smiling hills were born; His barn was full of bursting bins—His were prosecuted him with twins; His neighbors marve ed more and more. To see the increase in his store. And now the nerry farmer sings. And now the merry farmer sings.
"There are two ways of doing things;
And when for good luck you would pray,
Nail up your horseshoe the right way."

THE GOLD SOVE REIGN.

It was the croupier's hoarse cry, again with that of "red loses!" which broke the stillness in the superbly appointed room at Homburg, with the gamingtable in its center, around which were gathered its votaries, behind whom were the scarcely less interested group of

"Come away, my dear," said a very lovely woman among the spectators, in a whisper, to her husband. "I am sorry that we came. This is no place for Pearl adicating with a nod of the head, as she spoke, an exquisitely beautiful girl, scarcely more than a child, of some twelve or thirteen summers, who stood

"Come, Pearl," the father said. But the girl stood entranced, her eyes fixed upon a man's face, seated at the strikingly handsome face, even when wearing, as it now did, an expression of calm, born of desperation. No tinge of color was in either cheek or lips.

His eyes shone with a strange and hard glitter, and were fixed upon the balls as they swung round, as the the color uppermost hung his hope of

ssed of a fortune; he arose a beggar! Fate had steadily pursued him with mocking hopelessness, until he had placed his only to see it mercilessly swept

He half arose from the table. What more was to be done, save to go out somethere into the still night air and send bullet through his heart or brain. It was at this moment the girl, with shed cheeks and half-parted lips, darted up to his side.

"Take this," she pleaded, "for my sake," and pressed a gold piece into his

tion she seemed scarely mortal in her pure child-like loveliness. His first impulse was to return her offering-he was not yet an alms-taker—but again rang out the croupier's cry of command to place the stakes The child stood breathless in her eager

expectancy, her eyes burning with fever-A sudden impulse overmastered him. Without speaking a word, he placed the gold upon the table.

The next minute a small pile of gold was at his elbow. He staked it all again.

And he won. A bright spot of scarlet replaced the pallor in his cheek, which spread and deepened as Dame Fortune, who had so persistently frowned upon him, now reserved for him only

Morning was breaking when he rose from the tables, no longer a desperate man, but with his fortune three-fold returned to him.

After his first winning he had turned to return to the child her offering, but she had vanished. Should he ever find her, ever repay the debt? He knew not; but, standing at last out under the clear, blue sky, with a great weight lifted from his heart and brain, Harold Clayton vowed that it should be his life-search, but that the lesson taught him should never be forgotten, and the gaming-tables should know him never more.

Six years passed, and Harold Clayton was winning name and fame in his own land, in his profession as an artist. Standing one night in a crowded as-

sembly, some one in passing touched him lightly on the arm with her fan, and glancing around, he met the smiling face of his hostess. "Come," she said, "I want to present

you tomy belle. If you can prevail upon her to give you a sitting, and transfer her coloring to canvass, you will render yourself immortal.' "Is she, then, so beautiful?" he ques-

"Judge for yourself," she lightly re-joined, leading him to a little group doing homage to the fair girl in its center.

the formal words of the introduction, as again hazard a dollar of the fortune I considered hers. I have never found her, fore the woman whom his artistic eve con- Margaret. The child will never know fessed the most beautiful that in all his her work, but I am not afraid to meet

wanderings he had ever met.

Before the evening was ended he might

THE HICKMAN COURIE

The Oldest Newspaper in Western Kentucky.

ESTABLISHED 1859.

HICKMAN, FULTON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1880.

Excess of Study.

Minerva, said an able entymologist, is so called, quia minuat nervos. Excess

marked them for her own. No need for

them to drink the bloodless cumin. The

least intemperate of them from excessive

intemperate is a martyr, if we may be-

lieve physicians, to sleeplessness and somnambulism, to convulsions and cata-

lepsy. These men have been known to

sink, in a comparatively short period, from a voluminous constitution to nona-

genarian caducity. Nay, they will even die away like a lamp, from wasting their light of life solely in the ser-vice of an ungrateful public. From time to time learned receipts have been given regarding a scholar's diet. But

these bookworms will have none of

them. These will not even follow the

to have lived on a regimen of raisins Newton on bread and water, with wine

and boiled chicken on some infrequent

powers. Tea is little likely

engthen literary days, and a sucking

pig, especially with mustard and per

per, is a very Pandora's box of ills, which not even hope remains behind.

"I never tried to chew tobacco b

once," remarked the Rev. Mr. Bodwell "I shall never forget the circumstance."

"Tell us about it," remarked a you

lady, who, a few moments before had been baptized by the reverend gentle-

"I was a very small boy at the time

and was a great favorite of Daniel, a col-

ored man, owned by my father. I used

as the negroes termed our residence

One night, when the wind scattered the

who has been raised among colored peo-

around the cabin fire. The old spinning-

wheel, the hamper baskets in the corner

the red bedsteads, and the dug-out cra-

dle, all come back and defy the influence

of glowing furniture and soft rugs. Dan

was strikingly communicative on the

that day, and the truth is, old Dan had

"'Tom,' remarked the old man, 'ye

"'Dat's a pity. A boy who doesn't

"'Dar now. Doan yer know data

"Wall, wouldn't yer like to place yer

sef on de record, an' learn ter spit like a

"'Wall, heah, take dis'," and he cut a

"Smack dat in yer mout', an' chaw

"I obeyed, and in a few moments could

"'Come down on hit savage,' he said.
'Hit hard. Watch me,' and he chewed

vigorously. The fire grew excessively

warm. I looked around, and the hamper

baskets seemed to be tumbling over each

"'Doan spit hit out. Hit savage

"No, sir, but-but-," I had eaten

hearty supper, but within three minutes from the time I threw out the tobacco I

was as empty as one of the hamper bas-

kets, and as limber as the spinning-

wheel band. Dan spread a blanket on the floor, and, as I dozed off to sleep, I heard him blowing the ashes from the

potatoes. I never have taken another

Indian Population in Manitoba.

plishment of imbibing whiskey. They

are, as all Indians are, exceedingly par-tial to firewater, and in some way they

manage to get a good deal of it. An In

dian looks miserable enough in paint,

feathers, and a dirty blanket when sober

but when he gets drunk he is a most idi-

tial to firewater, and in some way

Toronto Globe.

Most strangers on arriving at Winni-

chew."-Little Rock Gazette.

Chaw hard. De victory is in sight. Is

piece of tobacco from a large twist.

while der taters is roastin'.'

boy what can't spit never will be a man

don' chaw terbarker, does yer?'

"I tried, and failed signally."

"No. sir.

'Yes, sir.'

white man?

yer sick?'

"Yes, sir.

Try hit.

Cornhill Magazine.

Yet her nature remained an enigma to him. Although so young in years, so beautiful in form and feature, she seemed cold even to haughtiness, reticent almost It was as though some exquisite mar-

which might some day warm into life. She welcomed him whenever they met with a manner which, while it gave him no cause for complaint, yet chilled the hope springing within his breast. One day, on going to her home, the servant met him at the door with the announcement that she was very ill. This knowledge brought other knowledge —the fact that he could no longer conceal from himself that he loved her, and that

upon his hope of winning her hung his life's happiness. He went back to his studio, wretched and despairing, and scated himself at his easel. He had not meant to paint her face—his brain seemed unconscious of his fingers's toil-yet, when the morning broke, it was her features smiling upon him from the canvas, and he remembered the words his hostess had uttered on the

night he first had met her that thus he should render himself immedal.

He grew pale and wan in the days of anxious suspense, when those who were watching over her couch knew not which would conquer, the angel of life or death. But there came an hour, never to be forgotten, when he was admitted into her

She was very white, very fragile, but more beautiful than in the coloring of perfect health. A new expression, too, was in the violet eyes raised to welcome

"I am very glad to see you again," she said, gently. "I hear you have been anxious about me. You were very

Then the words he had not meant to speak burst from his lips. "Anxious?" he said, "can a man, Miss Reyburn, perishing of hunger, hear of the famine without a shudder? I am presumptuous, you will say. It is true.
What is my life with its many settled pages in which your eyes could never look, that I should dare to offer it to you? And yet, purified by your love, I would try to make it more worthy. Tell me—answer me! If I serve as Jacob served for Rachel, is there hope that I may win you! My darling! My daring! I cannot live my life without you!

Lower and lower dropped the lids, until the long dark lashes swept the marble but the momentary weakness passed as she spoke: "Forget all that you have said, Mr. Clayton, It can never be. "You do not love me?" he questioned sadly.

Will you not share it?"

Again that swift expression of pain flitted across the lovely face. "I shall never marry," she answered: 'but," and in her voice crept an almost pleading tone, "I need my friends very much, Mr. Clayton. Do not desert me!"
"I cannot," he replied. To desert for would be to desert the hope of the control of the

the hope which will go with me What was the barrier between them? This was the question ever ringing in Harold Clayton's ear. As she looked when she pronounced his doom, so he had fancied she might have looked when the statue warmed into life.

foreing you to unsay these crue

Since then, she had been colder, more distant than before; but he caught the momentary expression, and transferred to the picture on which his every sisure moment was spent. He was thus engrossed one morning,

ver striving to add new beauty to his almost perfect work, when a low knock at the door aroused bim. "Come in!" he called, then bent anew his task, without so much as raising

his head until a low, laughing voice sounded close beside him. "We were caught in the shower, Mr.

Clayton; and I persuaded Margaret to eek shelter with me here. I did not dream she would find herself forstalled. It was Mrs. Somers who spoke-the ady who had first presented him to Miss Reyburn-whose instruction he had, unknown to her, carried out.

"Margaret," she asked, turning to her riend, "you have been sitting for your portrait, and did not let me know. Why ave you kept it such a secret?" He had now sprung to his feet in time see the rosy tide spread over Margaret

Reyburn's face. "It was liberty I took without Miss Reyburn's knowledge, Mrs. Somers," he explained. "I assure you I have never en so fortunate as to secure a sitting.' "Well, you shall have one now, and you must thank me for it," she rejoined, while Margaret turned away to examine the sketches and studies lying about in

profuse confusion. "Here are some sketches taken while I was studying abroad, Miss Reyburn." said Harold. Will you appuse yourself by looking at them? "I will return in a few moments," in-

errupted Mrs. Somers. "Wait for me, A word of expostulation rose to Mar-

garet's lips, but too late. The door had closed behind the speaker. Silence fell between the two thus left behind, when a low cry arrested Harold's attention. He sprang to Miss Reyburn's

Her eyes were fixed upon a little sketch she held in her hand. It represented s gaming-table, at one end @ which sat a man, haggard, desperate, desparing, and by him a child, holding out to him a single gold piece, with a smile in her eyes, and seemingly a prayer on her lips.
"You would know the history of that icture," he said. "Let me tell you. lears ago I was in Hamburg. The gamng-tables attracted me, and every night

found me beside them, losing or winning, according to the fortune of the hour. One evening the demon ill luck pursued me. I lost and lost till I found I was beggard. Maddened, desperate, I re-solved to put an end to my miserable life, when some one touched my shoulder a child angel stood before me and slipped into my hand a piece of gold. 'For my she whispered. The croupier's hoarse call warned me no time was to be lost. I staked the gold and won, but turning to give back her own, she had fled. When I rose from the table I had recovered all and more, but I vowed to "Miss Reyburn-Mr. Clayton," were myunknown deliverer that I would never

her, for I have kept my pledge." "Harold!"—it was almost a whisper, have added, the first woman he ever but something in the tone made his heart interest as new as it was strange.

Through the next week her face haunted him. Then they met again, and the charm grew and deepened. He could the charm grew and deepened. He could the charm grew and deepened. He could gambler. I supposed you still played, it to himself; only away from Miss Reyit loved, since she had awakened in him an give a wild, joyous leap-"have I known Have you never touched a card since?"

"Never!" he answered, solemnly. "And it is to you I owe it—it and life. Pearl—Little Pearl, can you not trust the man who has been so long faithful to the child to be still faithful to the woman? My own, you will not doom the

ble statue had risen in his pathway, life that you have saved?" But at this juncture, Mrs. Somers, opening the door beats a precipiate retreat. Harold's statue has warmed into life, and, pressing the lovely lips to his, he thanks God that it is breath which has

awakened it. Searching After the Secret of Life. A pean of evolution was sung by Pro-fessor G. F. Barker, in his address on "The Problem of Life." The solution of that problem, the Professor, looking forth from his Revolutionary Pisgah, an-nounced to be very near at hand. "The rapid march of recent organic synthesis makes it quite certain that every distinct makes it quite certain that every distinct chemical subtance of the living body will ultimately be produced in the laboratory, and this from inorganic materials. Giving only the exact constitution of a compound, and its synthesis follows. When, therefore, the chemist shall sucbeed in producing a mass constitutionally identical with protoplasmic albumen, there is every reason to expect that it will exhibit all the phenomena which characterize its life; and this equally, whether protoplasm be a single substance or a mixture of several closely allied substances. There is no essential difference between the protoplasmic life of the plant and that of the animal; hence the solution of the life question in the myxomycetes will solve the life problem for the highest vertebrate." Nor could the sympathizing hearer fail to draw the inference, whether the lecturer wished to suggest it or not, that, with the life problem, all other problems, moral, intellec-tual and spiritual, would be solved also, and that "the highest vertebrate" was a full equivalent for humanty. It may be so, but the predictions of science, like other predictions, must await the verdict of experiment. Let Prof. Barker make a man, or even an oyster, and scepticism will bow before the evidence of fact. But even then we shall not be able to admit that the rudiments of a being are the being itself or that a description of its genesis is a full account of its nature and a limit tation of its destiny. Every man was once an embryo; yet the man is not an embryo, but a man; and the case will not be changed if the protoplasmic life of Newton and Shakspeare can be identified with that of of the myxomycetes. Noth ing will have been proved except this, that the author of our being works not by abrupt cremation, but by gradual

progress, in a manner analogous to human effort, the finished products of which are essentially different, if there is any such thing as essential difference, from their rudiments or raw materials: and this is as much implied in the saving of Genesis, that "God made man out of the dust of the earth," as it is the scientific doctrine of evolution. That which is called evolution is only an observed ession of phases through which the

scale, what power causes and regulates the movement is just as much a mystery as ever; it would remain a mystery ever though Professor Barker should succeed in producing life by chemical appliances, because he would be only the instrument; the power which endowed the chemical ngredients with the life-generating virtue would still be behind. If evolution implies more than an observed succession f phases or stages of existence, if it implies a krown cause of progression, it is a misleading and illegitimate term. - The

Bystander. Resistance of Bricks.

The resistance of bricks to a crushing force varies greatly, according to the quality of the brick. Trautwine, who has experimented considerably with building materials, says on this point that a rather soft brick will crush under a weight of from 450 to 600 pounds per square inch, or about thirty to forty tons per square foot. This last is about the crushing limit of the best sandstonewo-thirds as much as the best marbles or limestones, and one-half as much as the best granites or roofing slates. But masses of brickwork, he notes, will crush inder much smaller loads than single bricks. In some English experiments referred to by this author, small cubica nasses only 9 inches on each edge, laid in cement, crushed under 27 to 40 tons per square foot. Others, with piers 9 inches square and 2 feet 3 inches high, in cement, only two days after being built, required 44 to 62 tons per square foot to crush them. Another of pressed brick, in best Portland cement, is said to have withstood 202 tons per square foot, and with common lime mortar only one-fourth

The same authority, however, is careful to add the statement that cracking and splitting usually commence under about one-half the crushing loads. To be safe, he recommends the load should not exceed one-eighth or one-tenth of the crushing load; and so also with stone. Moreover, he notes these experiments were made with low masses, but the strength decreases as the proportion of the height to thickness increases. He cites the following examples: The pressure at the base of a brick shot tower in Baltimore, 246 feet high, is estimated at six and a half tons per square foot; and in a brick chimney at Glasgow, Scotland, 468 feet high, at nine tons. Prof. Rankin calculates that in heavy gales this pres-sure is increased to fifteen tons on the leeward side. The walls of both are, of ourse, much thicker at the bottom than the top. With walls 160 feet high, of uniform thickness, the pressure at the base would be five and four-tenths tons per square foot. He prudently concludes that with our present imperfect knowledge on the subject, it cannot be consid ered safe to expose even first-class pressed brick work, in cement, to more than twelve or fifteen tons per square foot, and good hand-molded bricks to more than two-thirds as much.

Or course all jokes on limberg cheese are ancient, and smell bad, but the following from the Janesville Recorder will cause a smile if anything will: "Last week a couple of our sporting men went out very early in the morning to hunt wild geese, and took a lunch with them. Among the rest they had some limberger When they returned in the afternoon they brought home the re-mainder of the lunch. The children of one of the hunters began looking over the basket and got a smell of the cheese, and a little girl five years old ran to her mamma, and said: 'Ma, I should think that cheese would be ashamed of him-

it to himself; only away from Miss Reyburn he was restless and uneasy, until he again found himself within the scope of her fascinations.

I supposed you still played, and I thought that to see again the expression on your face I had seen that night would kill me. Tell me, is it true? Have you never touched a card since?"

Church for "doing too much talking in the neighborhood." As no such case is recorded of late years, it is supposed that the race of such women is been that night would kill me. Tell me, is it true? Have you never touched a card since?"

A MAINE ROMANCE.

Why Bean's [Corners Are So Very Much Nobody, at least nobody who fills the responsible position of parent to a young and beautiful and also marriageable daughter, will deny that Miss Mary L. Weaver, of Bean's Corners, Franklin County, Maine, was wholly in the wrong from first to last. Less stern judges may incline to the belief that just at the very first her conduct was not such as to deserve especially severe censure; that is to say, when she began to walk home from the Wednesday evening prayermeeting arm in arm with Edward Tuttle and permitted him to squeeze her hand a little against his ribs with his elbow. And these same lenient judges may think that old Mr. Weaver was altogether too severe when he caught Mary in the very act of kissing good-night at the the gate and told Tuttle that if he "didn't clear out quicker'n lightnin'" he would kick him him off the premises for a good-for-nothin' squid." But even these aggravated manifestations of paternal solici-tude cannot be regarded as justifying Mary in meeting Tuttle every night up in the burying-ground and sitting on his lap on the steps of ex-Congressman Walker's wife's monument. However, the kindly souls may think that even for such a transgression as this-which, after all, was only human nature-old Mr. Weaver had no right to serve Tuttle out by locking Mary in her room; dressing himself up in her frock; going up to the burying-ground at the usual hour; letting Tuttle begin to bug him and call him his soul's dearest darling, as he helped him over the style-and then suddenly letting out on him with a rawhide and all the cuss words in the English language. Really, this way of settling a love affair does seem to be carrying the war just a trifle too far into Africa, and up at Bean's Corners public opinion is a good deal divided. All the

fathers and mothers at the Corners back

old Mr. Weaver in his suit for damages against Tuttle for the loss of the part of his ear that Tuttle bit off when he got to having a realizing sense of the situation: all the fellows and girls at the Corners back Tuttle in his cross suit for damages for the loss of his section of his chin that went at the start when old Mr. Weaver banged him down against a tombstone and all the old maids at the Corners back Ex-Congressman Walker in the suit that he has brought against Weaver and Tuttle jointly for mashing the urn that was on the top of his wife's monument. In fact, public opinion at the Corners is a good deal mixed.—Philadelphia Times. The Newspaper and the Schools. One of the new things under the sun is little publication issued in an Eastern city to be used as a reading lesson in public schools. It is a simple leaf—the publishers, out of deference, probably, to

the poetic spirit of the age in public schools, call it a "leaflet"—and in size it s about equal to a half sheet of note paper. It is devoted to the current topics the time and published once a mont In a certain way this is a good thing It is a recognition of a possibility which has long been dimly foreshadowed—the possibility of permitting children to learn something besides reading while studying that art. The absurdity of confining the pupils in our public schools to the litera-ture and history of the past—as if those alone contained any value as models or lessons—has long been manifest; and there has been for some time a growing disposition to modernize the reading course and give it somewhat of curren interest. As a step in this direction the

publication referred to is quite signific But at best it is a half measure. If the rising generation is to learn to read by practicing upon something of current interest, to the end that something may be learned, why stop short of the daily paper? A "leaflet" of selected items of current news once a month is better than rigid confinement to the Crusades or extracts from Macaulay; but if the daily reading lesson were the daily news would be infinitely better. The school boys or school-girls of to-day know inflnitely more of the war of the Roses and the American Revolution than of the Afghan war or the Franco-Prussian war, or even the war of the Rebellion. Of the threatened war in the East they know nothing; and it is a part of the present system that they shall know nothing. Yet with a liberal use of the daily paper in place of the reading books now in vogue, both boys and girls could be kept informed of current events and at the same time learn the art of reading quite as satisfactory as they now do. Inde it is almost certain that they would learn more satisfactorily; for interest in, and intelligent comprehension of, what one

is reading must necessarily add very much to the power of reading expres-sively and well. There are some daily papers, of course, which could not prop erly or safely be introduced into th schools; but there are numbers of excellent papers like the Free Press, the New York Evening Post, and others of similar high character, any one of which could be introduced in the schools as a daily reading lesson to far better purpose than a monthly publication like that above referred to. - Detroit Free Press.

"Give Me Raggles."

A well known lady artist, resident in Rome, relates that while standing one day near the statue of the Apollo Belvidere, she suddenly became aware of the presence of a country-woman. The new comer a well-to-do-looking American woman, introduced herself as Mrs. Raggles, of -. Missouri, and then asked: "Is this the Apollo Belvidere?"

Miss H- testified to the identity the work, and the tourist then said: "Considered a great statue?" The interrogated lady replied that it was generally thought to be one of the mas-

erpieces of the world. "Manly beauty, and all that sort of thing?" said the lady from the land of the setting sun. "Yes," responded the now amazed

"It is said to be one of the noblest representations of the human "Well "exclaimed Mrs. Raggles, closing her Badeker, and with arms akimbo taking a last and earnest look at the mar-ble, "I've seen the Appollo Belvidere

and I've seen Raggles, and give me Rag-

gles,"-Boston Commercial Advertiser. to invent some new seasons and drop the are rather proud of our red men when

ster a fixed star.

BITS OF INFORMATION.

THE expression "poet laureate" originated from the practice of crowning successful poets with leaves of the laurel

In 1547 London built her first asylum for the insane, and named it Bethlehem. Usage soon shortened the name to Bedlam. The inmates being noisy and de-monstrative, the term was corrupted into "A perfect Bedlam." Hence the expression so often made use of. THE name of the thimble was originally derived from the words "thumb" and "bell," being at first thumble, and afterward thimble. It is of Chinese in-

so called, quia minuat nervos. Excess of study is, of course, like any other excess, prejudicial to the system. The pursuit of letters, if carried beyond a certain point, is, like other pursuits, attended by physical inconveniences. These, which have been greatly magnified, ultimately result, as has been already said, from one of two causes—too much exercise of the mind or too little exercise of the body. Insanity or indigestion, a disordered head or a disordered stomach, are the avengers of the lucubrations of literary libertinism. But the belly suffers far more often than the brain. How many men sit before their books day after day, immovable as the unhappy Indian fakirs. Sefore their gods, deranging their animal economy without any advantage to themselves or society! How many of these sedentary victims lose their appentites without in the seconomy without any advantage to the seconomy without any advantage to these sedentary victims lose their appentites without in the seconomy without any advantage to vention, and was introduced into En-gland about the year 1695, by John Lot-ting, who came from Holland, and comsenced its manufacture in London. Formerly iron and brass were used, but latterly steel, silver and gold have taken these sedentary victims lose their appetites without increasing their intelligence! How many, without improving their discernment, destroy their discretization of the destroy their discretization of their discretization PRESIDENT LINCOLN, during the war, proclamations recommending spevial thanksgiving for victory to the Union forces in 1862 and 1863, and a national proclamation of the annual Thanksgiving day in 1863 and 1864. The President has since then annually issued such a proclamation, and similar procla-mations are issued by Governors of

sensibility serves as a living barometer, and is purged of bile at much less sel-dom intervals than Horace. The most States and Mayors of cities. Custom has fixed the last Thursday in November as The expression, "Sick Man," as applied to Turkey, originated with the Emperor Nicholas, of Russia. He is represented to have said to Sir George Seymour, in a conversation at St. Petersburg on Jan. 11, 1844, "We have on our hands a sick man-a very sick man. It would be a great misfortune if one of these days he should happen to die before the necessary arrangements were all made." The minutes of their conversation at different times on the subject having been laid before Parliament by example of Aristotle, and bear about constantly on their belly, in order to assist digestion, a bladder of aromatic oil. They will not confine their food to the English Ministry, in the course of the debates that immediately preceded the declaration of war against Russia, the expressive appellation, "Sick Man of the East," was caught up and circu-lated by the press, till it has become an established national sobriquet.

milk and rice, eggs and oysters, fruit and farina. Illustrious examples are theirs, if they would but follow them. Anacreon is said, during his latter years, DALLES are the channels of rivers through rock formations where the rocks rise precipitously from the water's edge on both sides of the stream. They are opportunity of festal cheer. But at least let the student beware of bacon, and cream, and cider. Nor are sheep's trotters ordinarily adapted to his digestformed either by a volcanic convuls or are cut by the water. The "Dalles of the St. Louis," at the head of Lake 'grand." The "Dalles of the St. Croix, ear St. Paul, Minn., are navigable, and are almost worthy to be called "grand." The "Dalles of the Columbia," in Ore-

gon, are perilous rapids, and are subdivided, reckening downward, into the "Little Dalles" and "The Dalles." On the latter, the basaltic rocks, which form a considerable distance above, bound the channel, and confine the stream to one-third of its width, with a perpendicular wall on either side; while the dam-ming up of the plunging surges in-creases the difficulties and dangers of

the descent. Men Who Wear Beards.

to go out to Dan's cabin at night and Owing, perhaps, to a dearth of topics, listen to his ghost stories until I was afraid to cross the yard to the big house, pon genius and beards and makes the subject anything but uninteresting. He challenges proof that, apart from a very snowflakes around the old cabin, and few exceptions, no great orator ever wore a corner. while several large sweet potatoes roasted beard or moustache. Among eminent French speakers and statesmen, Mirain the fire, I sat with old Daniel. No one bean, Danton, Vergniaud, Berryer, Foy, ple can forget the comfort of sitting Manuel, Chateaubriand, De Broglie, Mole, Odillon Barrot, Casimir Perier, Guizot, Thiers and Montalembert all shaved. The mustache is thought to be a distinctive military adornment, yet it was not worn by Alexander, Cæsar, Pompey, Trajan nor Napolean. Revolutionists night in question. We had killed hogs are popularly supposed to be marked by unkempt beards; yet Robespierre, Marat, Saint-Just and Herbert were care fully shaven. Of French writers and poets, Moliere and Corneille wore the Richelieu mustache; but Racine, Pascal, La Fontaine, Boileau, La Bruyere, Voltaire, Rosseau, Diderot, Montesquieu and all the thinkers and savants of the will bet yer can't spit ober dat backlog. eighteenth century indulged in a clean shave. So did Dante, Petrarch, Byron, Shelly, Pope, Addison, Sheridan, Gold-smith, Swift, Johnson, Fielding, Rich-Haben' yer eber noticed how a man will ardson, Pitt, Burke and Fox. One fact, however, the writer appears to overlook; and that is, that very few men of any

Archibald Forbes.

Mr. Forbes, the English war-corresondent, began his literary life by writing from the barracks when a private in the Royal Dragoons. He never had any practical journalistic experience until he went out as a correspondent for the London Advocate in the Franco-German war. He tells an amusing story of his

said, "until Paris was surrounded, peg are attracted by the appearance of the red man on the streets. They are a harmless, uncouth lot of people, hard to educate except in the civilized accomwas successful from the very start,"

otic and disreputable specimen of hu-manity. Who is to blame for the unseemly spectacles that have been seen A Vermont correspondent writes that repeatedly on the streets of Winnipeg after suffering from sick headache for during the past month? I do not know, twenty years, with frequent attacks of certainly the matter should have been diphtheria, quinsy and erysipelas, she has discovered the cause of all her troubthoroughly investigated weeks ago. Our Indians are peaceable and morally dis-posed if not exposed to the demoralizing les. Eight months' abstinence from meat has cured her of dyspepsia and all the A POETESS in the Chicago Tribune moans, "I am sick of the seasons that come and go." Her case is hopeless. Not one of the 4,000 patent nostrums advertised in the newspapers and on the board fences is warranted to cure a person who is sick of the seasons that come son who is sick of the seasons that come they are who make money by selling the content of the demoralizing all the ailments she has suffered from, and her health is better than it has been for many years. On a diet of vegetables and cereals with fish and eggs occasionally, she is well and strong. Happy are they who health is better than it has been for many years. On a diet of vegetables and cereals with fish and eggs occasionally, she is well and strong. Happy are they who health is better than it has been for many years. On a diet of vegetables and cereals with fish and eggs occasionally, she is well and strong. Happy are they who health is better than it has been for many years. On a diet of vegetables and cereals with fish and eggs occasionally, she is well and strong. Happy are they who health is better than it has been for many years. On a diet of vegetables and cereals with fish and eggs occasionally, she is well and strong. Happy are they who health is better than it has been for many years. On a diet of vegetables and cereals with fish and eggs occasionally, she is well and strong. Happy are they who health is better than it has been for many years. On a diet of vegetables and cereals with fish and eggs occasionally, she is well and strong. Happy are they who health is better than it has been for many years. On a diet of vegetables and cereals with fish and eggs occasionally, she is well and strong. son who is sick of the seasons that come and go. The only remedy we can suggest is to employ all the almanac builders liquor to the Indians contrary to law. We

VOL. XVI.--NO. 11.

He Couldn't Help It. another case of a boy who

Here is another case of a boy who couldn't belo it. A prominent and dignified cittien was loooking through the third-story vindow of a block on Jefferson avenue, which he had thoughts of renting when the idea suddenly struck him to look into the alley in the rear. He raised the sash of a window and peered out upon ash boxes, coal scuttles and barrels of straw without number, and was about to close his observations when and barrels of straw without number, and was about to close his observations when the sash came down with a thud and struck him behind the shoulders. In his fright he fell to his knees, and while the solid half of his body was all right the lighter was over the window sill. In addition to the weight of the sash any movement of the body was accompanied by pain. The sash could not be reached with his transfer to be such to have help. He could not expect it from behind, for he was alone in the store, but as he looked down into the alley a boy came stumping along to find something worth lugging away.

away. "Hello, boy! hello!" called the citi-"Hello yourself!" cried the boy as he

looked up.
"Say, boy, come under the window here; I want to speak to you." "Not much, yer don't," chuckled the gamin. "You can't drop no coal scuttles

"But I don't mean to." "Mebbe not, but you've got a bad face on you for all that. When did you get out of the jug?"
"Boy, I wan't your help."

"So does your aunt! Don't get me to stand in with no such duffer as you "I am caught in this window and want

to get out."
"So would I! Been prospecting for old junk, eh? You'll get six months for

"If you'll come up stairs and help me "A dollar! You can't play no dollar store on me, old man! If you make up another face like that at me I'll hit you nsult me all the same."

"Don't you know who I am?" softly asked the citizen. "Naw, I don't; but I'll bet the periece do! You've got one of the hardest mugs conductor; he'll turn the train around to on you I ever saw, and I've a good mind oblige you."—Fanny Folks. to give you one just for luck ! Look out

He made as if he would throw, the citizen dodged. This was such fun for the boy that he kept it up for three or four minutes, and the offer of \$2 had no effect on him. Then he gathered six or eight old lemons and oranges together

and said: "I believe you are the boss hyens who knocked dad down at the caucus, and I'm going to drive your nose back exactly an inch!" "If you throw at me I'll call the po-

be 1?" Here's to hit you square on store and the appearance of a man dis-concerted the lad's aim, and the lemon

the boy dusted down the alley and turned The boy couldn't help acting that way. He was born so. He wouldn't have been a bit like a boy to run up stairs and released the man. He didn't have a fair to live in. chance with his spoiled lemons, but boys soon get over disappointments. - Detroit

A Lime-Kiln Club Episode. The question before the Club was: Is a person who has a police whistle in his pocket any safer than a man who can jump a six-rail fence?" "At de fust glance dat seems an oneasy conundrum," answered the old man, but when you cum to ponder on it you mus' see dat de jumper can't allus fin's fence to jump. He may jump agin a house, or a tree, or a hedge. An may jump ober a fence to escape robbers only to be tackled by a wolf-trap or a bull-dog. If you have a purleece whistle, an' de purleece hev time to answer a call, an' you lay de whistle down an' tackle de pusson an' hold him fast till de officer arroves, it am better dan jumpin', but de chances am dat de judge will let de man off an' hint professon permitted their beards to grow in the the times of a great majority of dat you didn't hev a case 'nuff to hang a the celebrities enumerated above. In hat on. Seems to me, considerin' all the present generation, a large majority—indeed, at least nine-tenths—of men circumferencs, dat it am bes' to take a street kyar fut as ye kin an' put in some wear beards!-St. Paul Pioncer Press. tall runnin' de balance of de way.

ircumferences it doan' mean nuffin

"Some folks would have said circum-

Pay of Ministers and Actors.

that such men as Mr. Beecher and Dr.

Storrs are extravagantly paid. The fol-

lowing figures, given by the New York

Tribune, are worthy of being borne in

mind: Beecher gets \$20,000; Edwin Booth, \$100,000 a year; Dr. Hall, of Fifth

Avenue, and Dr. Dix, of Trinity, get \$15,000, while E. A. Sothern earns over

\$150,000 as "Lord Dundreary," and John

at "Rip Van Winkle" and earns \$120,000.

The scholary and gifted Dr. Storrs has

\$10,000, and Maggie Mitchell earns \$30,-

000 to \$50,000. Dr. Cuyler works hard

and faithfully for \$8,000 a year, while

'Shaeugraun," etc., at \$3,000 a week,

and his managers scolded him in the

public prints because he would not play

longer at the same price. Dr. Potter, of Grace Church, has \$10,000 and a par-

sonage; the eloquent Dr. Tiffany has

\$10,000; the once vigorous, now venera-

Fanny Davenport earns \$1,000 every

Dinners for the Departed.

The style of speeding the parting guest in Central America, especially if

he is too ill to remain on account of the

send him to sea sick at his stomach, wish

him a pleasant journey, and hope to

"see him again among us thoroughly restored to health and able to resume the

nently fitted." Few live to digest the

climate, is to give him a grand dinner,

week she plays.

he ministers are overpaid, or, at

Remarks are often made implying that

"An' some folks might have

"De President doubtless meant to say circumstances instead of circumferences, remarked the Rev. Penstock as he gracefully straightened his spinal column

experience with this paper. said sassage, but didn't."-Detroit Free 'I stayed with the German army,'

a message came withdrawing me, the editor writing that the movement seemed reduced to the environment of Paris, and that he had a correspondent in Paris. That struck me as being good. The correspondent in Paris couldn't get out, and couldn't send any news out either. I went home, offered some of the news I'd collected to the Times, was received very cooly, walked out, drew lots to see which paper I'd select, drew the Telegraph, sold them six columns, and thus got my start. I was running the Scotchman at the time. I was sent to Metz, and the the time. I was sent to Metz, and the paper died. I lost £1,000, and swore I'd for \$90,000. Talmage preaches for \$12,-have nothing more to do with running a 000, and Joe Jefferson plays forty weeks paper died. I lost £1,000, and swore I'd newspaper. That oath cost me £4,000 a Edmund Yates, when he started the World on £500, wanted me to go in and put in half, £250. I wouldn't, just on that account. To-day the World pays Edmund Yates £8,000 a year It Dion Boucicault finished a season as the

they are sober. There is a grotesqueness about their dirty grandeur that in-terests most people, but there is nothing fascinating about them when under the here, which would be a big thing if we influence of liquor .- Manitoba Letter in | didn't raise insects enough to eat 'em all

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WELL drilled-the oil region. BOARD of Education-the blackboard. FLORISTS stand in cowslip-pery places. How much did Alphabet with Omega? How to save time-let your watch run

A soun mash—getting hit in the eye with a pickle.

Texy make type now with a cost onthat is tunic type.

A SUBURBAN Paris dealer announced that he sold donkeys like his father. A sick child may be able to stave off castor-oil, but it can't always parry-gorie. A sewing machine agent has no music in himself when he condemns a Singer. ONE characteristic about the fair ones s, they prefer to embrace clean sir faces. THE most charming bridal veils are of

should say. Ir you would be wealthy get upon a mule. You would soon find out that you are better off.

sions. - Exchange. Delusion, we

Or course smoking is worse than chewing, for the old adage says: "Of two evils, 'chews' the least."

THE dearest, the nearest thing to humanity is its kin. Same with t'other pear; the nearest thing is its skin. A NEVADA editor began a leader on

"Ice Cream," with the remark: "This delicious bivalve is now on sale at the new saloon. A CLERGYMAN being asked why he wore unmated gloves, replied, "I don't wish my right hand to know what my

left hand-doeth. THERE is such a thing in this world as the milk of human kindness, but the

THE New Orleans Picayune says that a retired tragedian is an ex-acting man. Should be retire to the stage, a re-action

may be expected to take place. "I DECLARE!" exclaimed a slovenly writer, "I wish I could find a pen that would just suit me." And instantly came a chorus, "Try a pig pen."

The French lady who said to her maid, "Nine o'clock! I must begin to undress for the ball," understood the true inwardness of modern fashionable life. "On, dear!" exchaimed Penniman, "I wish I could excel in something!

believe if I should kill a man, it wouldn't be anything but murder in the second A Bosron believer in Bob Ingersoll says: "If a man smites you on one cheek turn to him the other and whack him

over the head with whatever comes handy. A Poon cornet got his skull fractured, and was told by the doctor that his brain was visible. He repled—"Write and tell my father, for he always swore I had

A KENTUCKY girl died with the heart disease a few hours after her marriage. to the eye with this old lemon. I don't ook starched up, but I don't let any man marry until after they had given their hearts away.

FIDORTY lady-"But what am I to do? I can't ride with my back to the engine.' Insolent youth-"Better speak to the SAID a crafty husband to his bu partner: "I have promised my wife an immense surprise for her bithday."
"More extravagance?" "I shall give her

nothing; it will be an immense surprise. "CLOTHE me in dreams," says Miss Fannie Driscoll in a recent poem. If you mean the kind of dreams a person has after eating mince pie and omelette, you'd be frightfully dressed, Fannie,—Roston

"WHY, Frankie," exclaimed a mother at the boarding-house, "I never knew you to ask for a second piece of pie at home." "I knew 'twant no use, Frank, as he proceeded with his pie ent-

to his friend's sweetheart, and forgets it and leaves it in his pocket, where his struck the citizen's hat instead of his nose. His yells brought a climax, but self the trouble of telling her the facts. the air was full of tropical fruit even as They won't be believed. "I guess dad wishes we'd all die and

go to heaven," said a miser's son to his maternal parent. "Why so?" she asked, upon recovering from her astonishment Oh 'cause beaven is such a chean place Ar a hotel table a child attracted con-

siderable attention by saying repeatedly, "I want a cake." "You have had five or six already," replied the mother.
"Them's not the ones I want. I want a

fresh one." A KENTUCKY girl says that when she dies she desires to have tobacco planted over her grave, that the weed, nourished by her body, may be chewed by her bereaved lover.—Exchange. Poor girl! who can she expect to back 'er in this

queer conceit?

A Stage-Coach Incident. Postmaster Adkinson, of Virginia City, of his pedal extremities. Congressman Daggett and the P. M. were riding in a stage-coach, when a funny incident happened, which is thus related by the M.

The stage was considerably crowded Among the passengers were a lady and a little girl. The child was so small that her feet did not reach the floor of the coach and she presently became very tired and restless. Observing this, Mr. Dag-gett told the mother that the child would be much more comfortable if she had some support for her feet, and at the "Brudder Penstock, dis cha'r wants it listinctly understood dat when it says same time informed her that under the seat was a valise that she could draw out which would be just the thing. The lady reached under the seat and began tugging away at what she supposed to be a stances," added the Reverend, as he sat

"Can't you get it out?" said Daggett. "No," said the lady; "it don't seem to come, though I might get it if I could find the handles.

Here Postmaster Adkinson aroused from a doze and said: "Why, my dear madam, you have got hold of my foot!" Such was the actual fact. The lady, never having seen the postmaster's "mud scows," had no idea that what she found under the seat could be anything else than a big leather valise.

The evesight of the Czar is said to have greatly improved by a simple remedy, consisting of a glaznoi douche, or eve fountain, throwing a tiny jet of delicate spray a yard and a half into the air. The temperature of the water is fixed at 80 degrees Fahrenheit, and the spray is ninety seconds, night and morning. The remedy seems at first sight ridiculously simple, but it has for several years been successfully employed in Russia, For with weak and weary eyes to rest, there is said to be nothing more refreshing than to bend for a minute or two over glaznoi douche, The eyes recover strength in an amazing manner from the fine but powerful impact of the invigorating spray, and there is that depressive reaction succeeding the

use oftonics. Leprosy in Louisiana.

Leprosy exists to a considerable extent in the parish of Lafourche, La. An atto make an official investigation was lately resisted with arms the lepers and their friends believing that the sufferers were to be isolated on an island in the ocean. The report of the physicians ardnous duties for which he is so emi--Louisville Courier-Journal

The difference between dancing and THE man who took ipecac instead of quinine, said he felt retched afterwards, ence between the reel and the I-deal.